

The Black And Gold



Winston City High School

SENIOR CLASS NUMBER

May 19th, 1911

Hitchcock-Trotter Co.

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Class Poem

LINVILLE Martin.

1

'Tis effort alone that's sure to count
In life's hard battles we all must fight
So, kind friends, bear with me patiently now
As a poem for my class, I try to indite.

2

Just a word for each lad and lassie gay
In passing now I'll try to tell
For most keenly we feel our parting today
A fact which you all must know full well.

3

You must not measure our learning
By our very diminutive size
For a full share of praise we've been earning
Though this to you may be a surprise.

4

Ten long years we've toiled and worked
Our faculty can tell you 'tis true;
And we've truly endeavored never to shirk
Though the sky not always was blue.

5

What shall I say of the girls so bright
That no poet has ventured before?
Of Anna Dell's wit, 'tis not hard to write
While Cornelia, our whistler, will always score.

6

From Alma Hauser and fair Daisy Yates,
Now be sure I'm telling the truth,
We may learn every inch of our future fates
Though we're just in the bloom of youth.

7

But the tree of knowledge that wonderful tree,
Howard Godfrey our inquisitive boy must find,
For to all closed doors he must needs have the key
Or ask every question that pops in his mind.

8

Now David to Mary, that maiden contrary
Geometry in full could impart
If mathematics he'd talk, when she happens to cough
Instead of the stuff in his heart.

9

Luther and James our noted athletes,
Are the pride and the boast of our class;
But, Percy, when it comes to pure mental feats
Not even M. Grogan can surpass.

10

T. Langley, the beau, loves all the girls so,
But especially Sudie Byerly
And even Mary Jones though in the softest of tones,
Invites him pretty often to tea.

11

The Matlock sisters and Mamie Wall
Now, every word I tell you is true,
Flirt terribly with Kyle, outrageously tall,
Though it makes Essie Wilkinson quite blue.

12

Little Paul Walker, with a smile so sweet
Looks, 'way across the aisle at the girls,
But Moses Shapiro considers that weak,
And scornfully his pencils he twirls.

13

Fay and Lessie are an inseparable pair
With Audrey, Sadie and Irene
Their joys and sorrows with each other they share,
But my muse they tax sorely "I ween."

14

Our Donna, the quiet, would go on a diet,
If there were no boys around.
While Margaret Gray would surely fade away
If no parson for her could be found.

15

I sing to you now, of the belle of our class
The beautiful Ernestine Lott,
A fair dainty lass, who ne'er looks in the glass
Whose school record has never a blot.

16

Of the "Sign of the Four" Grace Bynum knows more
Than perhaps anyone can tell,
But when it comes to reading Caesar, Sudie Self holds
the floor,
Rivaled only by Young William Pell.

17

Harry Dalton is our greatest Demosthenes
And many laurels he has won,
Even Jessie James he's tried to please
And so has Robert Vaughn.

18

A devoted lover is our Arthur to art
While Ernest an electrician would be,
And from these fancies they'll never depart
In looking into the future I plainly can see.

19

No poet's dream ever had such a theme
As our winsome loquacious May
Even Mary Sledge can not get in a wedge
When May Norman gets under full sway.

20

Is there any whose name or fame untold
Let him now hold up his hand,
Or if he isn't sufficiently told
Just imagine he's everything grand.

21

Kind friends thank you one and all
For so kindly receiving my muse;
And ere you go home please say that my poem
Has not failed to instruct and amuse.

Bell

Gehe, Geha, Geha, Haha
Winston High School
Rah-Rah-Rah
Rah-Rah-Rah
Rah-Rah-Rah
High School.

Class Prophecy of 1911

Alma Hauser.

Tip-top, sounded the spring rain with gentle persistency. Rock, rock, unconsciously my chair kept time to the dripping on the roof. "Hip-tap, write—write," the rain seemed to say. But what should I write? My thoughts were troubled and confessed. No clear vision could I get, and yet, only fifteen days till commencement—our commencement, and the class of 1911 was depending on me for its vision of the future.

"Oh, dear," I sighed, "if only some sibyl would come to me with the books of the wise, I——": but what was that met my startled gaze? A woman, old and bent, quaintly dressed in the garb of long ago carrying in her wrinkled hand a little book, quaint and old like herself. "Take it," she said, holding the book before me," read what the wise have to say of the class of 1911."

Unconsciously I took the little book, but as I turned its pages, they were blank, and no writing could I see at all. "Pshaw," I said, and looked up impatiently, but the little old woman had disappeared as mysteriously as she had come. My curiosity was thoroughly aroused. Who was the woman, and why had she given me the book? I turned again to the mysterious blank pages. In a tiny pocket on the last page, I found a pair of gold spectacles. Putting them on, I found on looking at the book, that the seemingly blank pages were closely written. As I turned the leaves I recognized, one by one, each member of my class. Such vivid pictures were brought before my mind, that my eyes immediately filled with tears at the thought of my schooldays. Taking off the glasses to wipe my eyes, I could again see nothing. Then the truth dawned upon me. This book was sent in order that I might know the future of my classmates, and it was so arranged that

none but the wearer of the magic glasses could read the book.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, I turned to the first page, and began with breathless interest to devour the contents of the pages which had sealed in them the fates of my friends.

The first page gave an interesting account of a trial in the court room of a large city in Wyoming. I was surprised to see the names of some of my old school fellows playing the most prominent part of the trial. Judge William Pell presided on the bench, while Lawyer Howard Godfrey ardently cross-questioned the prisoner, Paul Walker, who was up for breaking the speed limit in his newly invented automobile.

The next page gave the astonishing news that Mamie Wall had gone on the stage, making a speciality of performing in vaudeilles; that Ida Matlock was wielding the rod as a country school-ma'am; Sudie Self was suing for a divorce from her third husband, while Robert Vaughn, think of it: was circuit rider in the fifth Arkansas district.

On the top of the next page was inscribed these words, "Latest Thing in Electric Flesh-Reducers." The remainder of the page seemed at first glance, blank, but as I looked more intently, a tent rose before my view. Outside the tent, on a small platform, was seated a familiar figure, which I recognized as my former classmate, Daisy Yates, advertised as a sample of the result of the Flesh-Reducer. Then the tent flapped open, and within was Lessie Penry seated on the electric chair, ready to be transformed; while Glenn Davis, the wonderful inventor, waited upon her. I was still staring amazed, when all at once the picture faded away—and I found myself reading a most touching story. In front of a small house in a distant state, a great crowd had gathered, for the house was to be sold at auction. It happened in this way: Two old maids, whose names were Ernestine Lott and Anna Dell Neal, lived a solitary life in this cottage, and were supporting themselves by writing love stories. Their home was mortgaged to 'Squire James Roddick, who, when they could not meet it, foreclosed the

mortgage, and offered to sell the home at public auction. When the energetic little auctioneer began the sale, a deep voice suddenly bid highest, and the property was bought and presented to the thankful old maids by a bachelor who had the reputation of being mighty in heart as well as pocketbook, David Crawford.

With eyes full of tears, the next page carried me to a more joyful scene. A beautiful church wedding was soon to be celebrated in New York, and the bride and groom-to-be were none but my old friends, Fay Naylor and Velsor Langley.

On the next page, I learned the interesting news that Donna Henry had gone as a missionary to China; and that Harry Dalton, the silver-tongued orator of High School Days, had just been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Turkey and was soon to sail with his fair bride, Margaret Gray.

Next was the life-sized picture of Ernest Hedgecock, chief of professional ballplayers, the pride of Winston-Salem. He was ahead of Ty Cobb himself, and every small boy longed to possess his picture, which was obtained from smoking tobacco packages.

As I turned the next page, the flaming letters of Martin and Milloway's Great Circus caught my eye. Slowly a great tent came into my view, where all the wonders of the world were being exhibited. Among them the famous lady, bare-back rider, Mary Horton, and the professional lion-tamer, Percy Garner, attracted the most attention.

It was a scene in New York that next caught my attention. Thousands of women were parading the streets under flaming banners proclaiming, Woman's Rights and Suffrage forever! to my horror, I recognized two of my class-mates leading the procession, Grace Bynum and May Norman.

On the next page, I learned that it was owing to the fiery speeches of that ardent woman's Rights advocate, the Honorable Luther Ferrell, that these girls had become converted to the movement. But alas, as I read further down the page, I learned that poor Luther was already repenting his elo-

quence; for while his better-half, Cornelia Taylor, was flaunting the banners, he was at home cooking dinner.

The picture of a little Inn in California, with the quaint inscription, "For Single Ladies Only," attracted my attention. Standing in the door of the Inn were the proprietresses, Mary Jones and Ethel Grubbs. They seemed to be thriving and prosperous. They were talking with a stout, haughty looking lady, who was waiting for her automobile to turn; the noted Novelist, Audrey Ellis. Audrey's best book, as I read below, "For Love's Sweet Sake," had run through its fifth edition within the past year.

The next bit of interest was that Mary Grogan had successfully cultivated her vocal chords, and was now as soul-thrilling singer. Large audiences were wont to assemble for the express purpose of hearing her sing; for she could warble like a bird, at one time bringing a flood of tears to the eyes of her hearers, or making them burst into an uproar of laughter.

The next page was entirely devoted to the advertisement of the great bargains to be had at the greatest bargain store in the city; that of the prosperous merchant, Moses Shapiro. These bargains were being offered in honor of the tenth anniversary of this successful business house.

As I next learned Irene Morris and Sadie Green were running a hair dressing establishment in Norfolk, handling with the greatest skill and artistic care the latest styles of head dress; while Mary Sledge and Gorrell Matlock, recently graduated from St. Leo's Hospital in the same city, were itinerating through the country, administering to the sick, free of charge, and giving particular attention to male patients.

Jessie James was the next person I recognized in my book of visions. What more appropriate than that she should be the happy wife of a Texas Cowboy? But think of Sudie Byerly posing as a fortune-teller! I could hardly believe my eyes, when I read that quiet, gentle Sudie was the World's Great Clairvoyant. But the wonders grew. As I turned to

the next page, a vision of loveliness burst upon my eyes, and I beheld Essie Wilkinson, the belle of the ball room.

This page was blank, but as I looked, a field scene gradually came before my views. Then suddenly a great shadow fell upon the picture, and looking up, I saw an aeroplane soaring above the field. As it came down lower, I discovered a bright red spot hanging over the airship. I was greatly alarmed, thinking perhaps it was on fire. But just then I heard a familiar voice from the clouds exclaim, "'Fessor, how does this thing work, anyhow?'" I immediately spotted the red ball as nothing else in the world but the head of my old school-mate, Arthur Hauser.

An explanation of this was given below. My old teacher, Mr. L. Lea White, had recently won his fame by inventing the only aeroplane in the world run by an electrical current. His faithful followers, Arthur Hauser, was now junior partner of the airship, and his highest ambition was to be just like his "'Fessor."

But what of myself? With trembling hand, I turned to the last page, and behold—only a blank! With a crash the book fell to the floor.

Tip-tap, sounded the gentle rain; write, write, it seemed to say, and with the visions fresh in my mind, I wrote as recorded in the book of my dreams.



CORNELIA TAYLOR
MOSES SHAPIRO

PERCY GARNER

JESSIE JAMES
HARRY DALTON

THE BLACK AND GOLD

Published Quarterly by the Senior Class of the
City High School.

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Ernestine Lott.....	Associate Editor
Harry Dalton }	Business Managers
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Cornelia Taylor.....	Personals
Howard Godfrey.....	Odds and Ends
Paul Walker.....	Exchange
Harry Dalton }	Business Managers
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EDITORIAL.

With this issue, we close the first volume of the Black and Gold. One year old today—an infant upon its first feet. Some what “wabbly” has been our pace, and somewhat infantile our efforts—but we have done the best we knew. Our mistakes have been many. We take the responsibility. If you have criticisms to make, write them down on paper and hand them in. Don’t talk about us after it’s all over. And now “dear readers,” as we lay aside the Editorial pen let it be known that we breathe a sigh of relief as we pass the togo on to the next staff. What we have done, we have done. Finis.

Junior-Senior Reception

On the evening of Thursday, May 5, the greatest event of the school year socially took place, when the Juniors (9th grade) tendered a reception to the members of the Senior class (10th grade). For several days prior to the occasion, committees were scheming and planning, little groups of 9th graders could be seen talking in subdued tones—in fact the atmosphere was charged with a subtle feeling that something was going to happen.

The evening of the day of all the days at last arrived. Members of the faculty with faces a little less long and eyes a little less penetrating began to gather; the doors were thrown open and all was gaiety within. The hall was beautifully decorated in class colors while ferns and wild flowers in profusion made the interior appear most entrancing. Scattered about, here and there, a group of young men and young ladies gossiped and played games, until the refreshments put the former amusements to an end.

Now comes the climax of the event. Whether fancied or real the author refuses to say, but—but the announcement of the forthcoming marriage of one of the faculties leading lights, J. H. Clement was then made. Is it real or is it fancied? Take the case. Following this came games of “ye olden time” type which though old never grow lacking in interest—drop the handkerchief, King Wm. and so forth. Next followed a guessing contest, the answer to the query being the name of a senior. Superintendent Latham conducted this contest. At the conclusion of this feature of the program Mr. J. H. Clement arose with deep concern stamped upon his brow, to thank the classes for the kind reception tendered him and to ask that they do not forget him upon **that day**, (some time in June). He then introduced Mr. Jerome as his secretary and instructed all presents to be sent him. Mr. Jerome retaliated in lighter vein, and asked the presents to be sent direct to him. Principal White spoke from the experience of a married man. And then alas the hour for parting had arrived. Thus ends the record of a most pleasant evening.

High School Orchestra

Early in the year at the suggestion of some of the lady teachers, an orchestra was organized from among the students of the High School. Miss Undine Futrell undertook the bringing out of this organization and how successfully she has done this is attested by the quality of the music we have had.

It is understood that this orchestra is to furnish the music for all the commencement occasions.

Glee Club

Under the direction of Miss Mary Medearis a Glee Club has been organized during the year. This club has as yet had no occasion to display its talent in a public way, having been brought into existence since Christmas. Nevertheless we know that they can sing and are singing because we hear them—practicing just over our heads. We shall hear from them on Class Day.



CALVIN H. WILEY LITERARY SOCIETY.

Literary Societies



Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society

At the beginning of the fall term the boys of the two higher grades of the High School organized the Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society for the purpose of gaining practice in the art of debating and other literary attainments. While this is only the first year of this society, success has crowned its efforts. The boys have been enthusiastic and undertaken the work with a readiness that presages progress for the future.

In order to stimulate the zeal of the members, Mr. F. M. Parrish, a member of the local bar, has offered a medal to that student belonging to the society who shall in the opinion of the faculty judges, make the most improvement during the year. This medal will be awarded this commencement.



CHARLES D. McIVER LITERARY SOCIETY.



Charles D. McIver Literary Society

The Chas. D. McIver Literary Society was organized at the same time as the Wiley Society, with a view to the developing of a general literary and social spirit among the young ladies of the upper grades. This society has achieved a splendid success, due in a large measure to the untiring efforts of Miss Mary Wiley who has stood sponsor for the organization from its birth until now. The programs have been varied and including as many members as possible each time. This naturally has developed interest. We predict great things for this society as it grows in years.



HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Dramatic Club

Rather late in the year the girls and boys of the 9th and 10th grades decided that the latent dramatic talent of the classes ought to have some sort of an outlet. A permanent organization was the outcome. On the 21st of April they tendered their first presentation: "At the End of the Rainbow," (a caste of the play to be found elsewhere in this number). This was a tremendous success from the dramatic standpoint and showed to the Winston people that there was no lack of talent in the High School student body.

The success of this undertaking is due almost entirely to the untiring efforts of Miss Eleanor Follin, who so graciously gave her time and talent to working up the play.

[THE DRAMATIC CLUB PRESENTED ON APRIL 21, 1911]

"At the End of the Rainbow."

CASTE:

Robert Preston—A Lawyer.....	Fred Hutchen
Douglass Brown—A Football Player.....	Edward Crosland
Dick Preston—The Groom.....	Robert Vaughn
Stanley Palmer—The Butler.....	David Crawford
Ted Whitney—Capt. Football Team.....	Harry Dalton
Jack Austin—Preston's Sec.	Francis Coleman
Marion Dayton—A Ward of Preston's.....	Mildred Rector
Nellie Preston—A Bride.....	Anna Neal
Louise Ross—Miss Grayson.....	Percy Garner
Phyllis Lane—A Football enthusiast.....	Donna Henry
Katherine Knox	Cornelia Taylor
Polly Price	Ernestine Lott
Elsa Ernest	Emily Gray
Marjorie Arnold	Of the Theta Phi Alice Wilson
Marie Swift	Hallie Inge
Molly Brice	Mattie White
The Imp—A Freshman.....	Mary Horton
Emily Elliot—With a Conscience.....	Mary Grogan
Jane—A Maid.....	Olive Abernethy
Mrs. Brown—Step-mother.....	Alice Davenport
Scene—A College Town.	
Time—Recent Day.	

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R. H. LATHAM.
Superintendent of City Schools

Faculty

R. H. Latham,
Superintendent.

L. Lea White,
Principal.

Anna Lula Dobson,
Principal Commercial Department.

A. O. Stone,
Supervisor Manual Training.

Annie W. Wiley,
Supervisor Teacher Training.

L. Lea White	Science
J. H. Clement	History
W. G. Jerome	Mathematics
Eleanor L. Follin	Latin
Mary C. Wiley	English
Mary Medearis	Mathematics and Geography.
Undine Futrell	History and English

Senior Class



Class of 1911.

Colors: Red and Gold.



Officers

Luther Ferrell.....	President
Mary Horton.....	Vice-President
Mary Grogan	Secretary
Arthur Hauser.....	Historian and Treasurer
Alma Hauser.....	Prophet
Linville Martin.....	Poet
Harry Dalton.....	Orator

Class Roll

Cornelia Storrs Taylor	Alma Sophia Hauser.
Donna Trogden Henry.	Lelia Estelle Wilkinson.
Grace Bynum.	Margaret Eleanor Gray.
Sadie May Green.	Ida Birch Matlock.
Percy Thornhill Garner.	Mary Adele Horton.
Mamie Ellen Wall.	Andrey Fay Ellis.
Mary Virginia Jones.	David Dunlap Crawford.
Mary Lou Sledge.	Linville Kerr Martin.
Gorrell Alice Matlock.	Arthur Erastus Hauser.
Ernestine Adams Lott.	Harry Lee Dalton.
May Bradley Norman.	Moses Shapiro.
Jessie Josephine James.	Robert Candler Vaughn.
May Lessie Penry.	James Alexander Roddick.
Lora Fay Naylor.	Wesley Luther Ferrell.
Daisy McBee Yates.	William Edward Pell.
Mary Perkins Grogan.	Paul Lee Walker.
Sudie Mae Self.	Howard Godfrey.
Sudie Scales Byerly.	Beverly Kyle Miloway.
Irene Belle Morris.	Velsor Madison Langley.

Commencement Marshalls

Fred Hutchins, Chief Marshall.

Frank Cash	Francis Coleman,
Henry Ogburn,	Olive Abernethy,
Raymond Maxwell,	Louise Crute,
Hiram Brown,	Mary Sue Henley,
Benbow Jones,	Hallie Inge,
Wilson Dalton,	Alice Wilson,
Robt. Conrad,	Mildred Rector.

Organizations

Charles B. McIver Literary Society

President.....	Cornelia Taylor
1st. Vice-President.....	Hallie Inge
2nd. Vice-President.....	Emily Gray
Secretary.....	Grace Bynum
Critic.....	Mary Grogan
Corrector.....	Sudie Self

Programme Committee

Chairman.....	Donna Henry
Members.....	{ Jessie James, Margaret Gray. Mary Horton, Louise Crute,

Dramatic Club

Ernestine Lott.....	President
Mildred Rector.....	Secretary
Harry Dalton.....	Treasurer

Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society

President.....	Earnest Hedgecock
Vice-President.....	David Crawford
Secretary.....	Harry Dalton
Marshall.....	Velsor Langley
Critic.....	L. Lea White

Programme Club

Moses Shapiro.....	Chairman
Fred Hutchings.....	Secretary
Edward Crosland.	

Athletic Association

W. G. Jerome.....	President
D. D. Crawford.....	Vice-President
Luther Ferrell.....	Sec. & Base Ball Mgr.
C. H. Sebring.....	Physical Director



SUDIE BYERLY

"With a most knowing eye."

GRACE BYNUM

"A gem of purest ray serene."

Secretary Charles D. McIver
Literary Society.





DAVID CRAWFORD

"There's a laughing Devil in his eye."

Vice-President Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society; Vice-President Athletic Association.

HARRY DALTON

"Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus."

Orator of Class; Secretary Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society; Treasurer of Dramatic Club; Business Manager "Black and Gold."





LUTHER FERRELL

"Cubby."

"Small in stature, with a full rounded head."

President Class; Manager
Base Ball Team; Important
at all occasions.

PERCY GARNER

"I never knew a body with so
old a head."

Editor-in-Chief "Black and
Gold; Member Programme
Committee Dramatic Club.





HOWARD GODFREY

"Always seizes the moment of excited curiosity for the acquisition of knowledge."

Member Staff "Black and Gold."

MARGARET GRAY

"The very room, coz she was in, seemed warm from floor to ceilin'" (Why?)

Member of Programme Committee C. D. McIver Literary Society.





MARY GROGAN

"Happy and free from care
was she."

Secretary Class; Critic Chas.
D. McIver Literary Society;
Member Programme Com-
tee Dramatic Club.

ALMA HAUSER

"Quiet, but wise."

Class Prophet; Composer of
Class Song.





ARTHUR HAUSER

"Red."

"A magnificent spectacle of
human happiness."

Class Historian; Treasurer of
Class.

DONNA HENRY

"Chub."

"Her heart's as true as steel."

Chairman Programme Com-
mittee Charles D. McIver Lit-
erary Society; Member Pro-
gramme Committee Dramat-
ic Club.





JESSIE JAMES

"A merry heart goes all the day."

Member Programme Committee Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Member Staff of "Black and Gold."

VELSOR LANGLEY

"Ty"

"A heart-breaker."

Marshall Calvin H. Wiley
Literary Society."





ERNESTINE LOTT
"Teny"

"Her air, her manner, all who saw admired."

President Dramatic Club: Assistant Editor "Black and Gold."

KYLE MILLOWAY

"Slow but sure."





IRENE MORRIS

"Serene and pure, amid the troubled day."

WILLIAM PELL

"Seesir."

"Even though vanquished,
he could argue still."





JAMES RODDICK

"Wamie"

"From the crown of his head
to the sole of his foot, he is all
mirth."

SUDIE SELF

"What a sweet delight a quiet
life affords."

Corrector, C. D. McIver Lite-
rary Society. Valedictorian.





CORNELIA TAYLOR

"Nips"

'Of all those arts in which the
wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is
writing well. (?)

President Charles D McIver
Literary Society; member
"Black and Gold."

ROBERT VAUGHN

"Squirt"

"He is a great observer and
he looks quite through the
deeds of men."





ESSIE WILKINSON

"Silence is golden."

DAISY YATES

"Maiden with the meek
brown eyes."





MOSES SHAPIRO

"He has a head to contrive
and a hand to execute."

Business Manager "Black
and Gold."

ERNEST HEDGECK

"The clear, sweet singer with
the crown of snow"

President C. H. Wiley Lite-
rary Society."





MARY HORTON

"Is she not passing fair?"

Vice-President Class; Member
Programme Committee
Charles D. McIver Literary
Society.

MAMIE WALL

"For she is wise if I can judge
of her."





LINVILLE MARTIN

"The poet's eye in fine frenzy
rolling."

Class Poet.

MARY SLEDGE

"Her every tone is music's
own,
Like those of morning birds."





PAUL WALKER

"Wise as an owl, solemn as a judge."

Member "Black and Gold" staff.



Class Song, '11

By Alma Hauser.

I.

Our high school days are over,
Commencement time is here;
With days of toil behind us,
Vacation time draws near,
But our joy is mixed with sorrow,
As we grasp each comrade's hand,
For we are entering life's tomorrow
To obey the world's command.

II.

As now we journey onward,
Up, upward, is our aim;
We'll never, never falter,
'Till our brightest goal we claim.
The years can never sever,
Our hearts from this glad day,
And with a touch of sadness,
We bid farewell today.

III.

So now farewell, dear comrades,
Our school-life here is o'er;
In mingled joy and sorrow,
Our tears no more will flow;
Commencement joy is present
Each life now blithe and gay;
With greetings for the future
We fare thee well today.



SECOND YEAR CLASS NINTH GRADE.

Class History

BEING A COMPILATION OF CLASS RECORDS.

By Arthur Hauser.

In the days to come, when the annals of our school are made known, the class of 1911 will be designated as the class that did things. Knowing this, we have taken more pains perhaps than most classes in keeping our records. Every scrap of history from the exhaustive accounts of Halley's Comet to the exact record of the number of times Linville Martin has been kept in for talking has been preserved in our archives. So that when it fell to my lot to prepare for commencement use a short record of our four years in High School, the exhaustiveness of class records rather than the scarcity of material overwhelmed me.

After hours of patient delving however, I have been enabled to prepare this compilation. Should you doubt the truth of any statement, I refer you to James Roddick whose veracity is undoubted. As the boys and girls of the class of 1911 were separated in their first High School year, or, shall we call it our preparatory year for High School Work? we will let one of the fair ones tell of the girls' experiences that year.

"As we entered the class room on that opening day of our seventh year, what was our delight to see there were boys in the room. Boys! just think of it. For two long years we had been in the class rooms without a single boy. But, also, our joy was soon turned to mourning, for on the second day we were sent to the Carnegie Library, and the boys were left at West End. Our year at the Library was a happy one; though I am afraid we made Mrs. Prathers' life a burden, for of course we had to play—and was not the grass she had grown to beautify the Library the best place in the world for our play-

ground? Then too, our favorite amusement was cutting out paper dolls, and it was some time before we realized that the magazines, with all the lovely "ladies" in them, which Mrs. Prather had so carefully put away down stairs were not for our use."

Time fails us to tell of the many other interesting experiences recorded by the girls. The boys—and it is a curious fact that they, too, spent their seventh year in a Library, the old one at West End, the boys have left us few notes of their experiences that year, so intent were they upon their books, the exciting ones behind the black boards.

The next year we moved together with the other High School grades to the new Cherry street building. We had before this time been considered children, but we now thought surely we were grown. Imagine our surprise when we found our teachers did not think so; worse still they made us stay in the basement at recess.

As the days went by, we plodded on from the eighth grade to the ninth, leaving some of our class-mates to uphold the dignity of the lower classes. Many were the beautiful selections we learned under our able English teacher, Mr. Hume. While many seemingly unsolvable problems were solved under our remarkable mathematician, Mr. Jerome. Mr. Clement kept things lively, too,—assisted by the boys. If however, we gazed out of the window; if our attention strayed from the battle on hand; if we spoke a word to a neighbor, Mr. Clement was sure to extend an invitation to an afternoon reception where dates were served as refreshments. In the ninth year we had a different teacher for every subject, the new Latin teacher, Mr. Yelverton adding a little spice to the change. During our ninth year examinations and other things did not frighten us half so badly as Halley's comet. We thought surely our time had come and I confess we were greatly disappointed when nothing unusual happened. Winston could not hold us at the close of this year, for had we not sat in the box at commencement, the Senior class of the City's Public schools.

We felt our importance, too, as we entered school in the fall, though we were rather dubious as to how the new teachers would regard us. For many changes had been made in our High School, Superintendent Snipes and Mr. Hume having resigned, Mr. Latham and Mr. White taking their places.

As we look back upon this year's work, we think that on the whole, we have been rather a remarkable class. At any rate many improvements have been made in our High School and we take not a little of the credit to ourselves. But to go back to our first day as Seniors. Can we forget our surprise when we found, upon entering our class room, a lady teacher at the desk. But she soon explained that she was just going to conduct the opening exercises everyday. She gave us as our motto, "Study to be quiet, tend to your own business and work with your own hands," and I am sure it has helped us all the year. Things pretty soon began to happen. Things concerning school work which had never been dreamed of before by any of us. Our High School spirit was not what it should be and as a class, we felt that we should arouse this spirit. The faculty were right with us and when we were called upon to take part in the Southbound celebration, they drilled us, marched us, admonished us till we came off with flying colors. When we first began practicing for this celebration we felt that we Seniors were too old to march around the courthouse square with the primaries. So we failed in our duty—or duty to our High School and City. But when the matter was presented to us in the right light, we were ashamed of our lack of interest and school pride, and we buckled right down to the task that was before us; plainly proving;

"It is the end that crowns us, and not the fight."

One of the first things we did as a class was to start a magazine, *The Black and Gold*; we soon found we had as much literary talent as any school and that our magazine would never suffer, for bright, snappy articles and good stories. Two literary societies were organized, *The Charles D. McIver* for the girls of the ninth and tenth grades; and the *Calvin H.*

Wiley for the boys. These societies have done much in developing a school spirit, in training us in declaiming and debating, and interesting us in purely literary things. The Charles D. McIver society gave a public entertainment Christmas and such talent was shown in this that it was decided to organize Dramatic and Glee clubs. In addition to these an Athletic Association has also been organized and we have as good a baseball team as can be found anywhere.

As a result of the boys literary society an oratorical contest was held in chapel, on November 17, to decide who should represent us at the Trinity College contest. Harry Dalton was the successful contestant and he came out second among thirty one at Trinity, which indeed speaks well for him, considering the short time which he had for preparation. Harry also spoke at Elon and came out second there. At Guilford College he won the medal. His speech on these occasions was the "Old and New South."

One of the things which the commercial department of our class has been especially interested in is the typewriting contests for the medals given by the Remington, Smith and Underwood people; one of which was won by a member of our class, Grace Bynum.

These last three weeks of school need scarcely be written in our class history. They will be printed on our minds so plainly that they will never be forgotten. Such things as nice short, easy examinations, lasting from 9:20 until 10 minutes before one will always be kept in memory. Another thing we will never forget is the reception given us by the Juniors. This is the first year that the Juniors have ever entertained the Seniors, and we consider ourselves lucky in having such Juniors as the Seniors of 1913. The Senior classes of years that are gone were bright and deserving; the class of 1911 was a shining light, but what class has produced such poets and writers as the class of 1911.

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Mr. Calvin Webb.
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